READ BY MORE CANADIANS
THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE

P. O. Box 1538, Place d'Armes, Montréal 126, P. Q.

Vol. 20, No. 7 — Feb. 14, 1970

Weekend MAGAZINE

The Canadian Arctic:

Death Of A Way Of Life
page 4

A Question Of Ownership
page 14

BOREAL INSTITUTE
LIBRARY

POLAR
PAM
5962

POLARPAM

For Colds and Grippe...

here's what to do:

1. Rest in bed.
2. Drink plenty of fluids.
3. Take Aspirin to reduce fever and relieve pain.

ASPIRIN works ...in minutes

Aspirin is the registered trademark of The Bayer Company, Limited, Aurora, Ontario

your Weekend MAGAZINE

The Arctic's His Favorite Place

For years the classic expense account story in newspaper circles has been about the expense account submitted by Gene Fowler when he returned to his New York daily after a stint in Nome, Alaska, back in the 1920s.

Fowler, it seems, was having trouble with this expense account. It would not come out the way he wanted it to. So finally he submitted the following itemized account:

To rental dog team	$300.00
Veterinary charges for lead dog	50.00
Burial of lead dog	15.00
Flowers for lead dog's bitch	35.00

That did it. The expense account balanced.

As I said, I always considered this no more than a story. So imagine my surprise the other day when an expense account crossed my desk and the top item on it read:

To rental one dog team.

The item, of course, came from none other than Fred Bruemmer, that great Arctic photographer whose pictures and articles begin on page 4. Here at Weekend we seldom devote almost an entire issue to one story,

but Bruemmer's stuff was so good—the result of an unbroken stay of six months with the nomadic Eskimo families around Bathurst Inlet—we felt we couldn't do anything else.

I hope you agree.

Anyway, Bruemmer explained some of the facts about the rent-a-dog-team business in the high Arctic. To begin with, it is more expensive than renting a car, the average team of eight to 12 dogs costing about $30 a day.

And when the dog team runs out of fuel you can't stop at your friendly service station. You have to stop and kill a seal or two.

Bruemmer is a 40-year-old native of Latvia, who came to Canada in 1950 and worked in the mines at Kirkland Lake, Ont., for about 18 months. It was there he first took up photography. As he explains it: "Photography is a good thing to learn when you don't speak the language."

Since that time he has been a successful free lance, both here and in Europe. About five years ago he got his first assignment to the Arctic, and fell in love with the area and the people. So he returns as often as he can.

Quite a bit of his material has appeared in Weekend. He has also published one book, The Long Hunt.

Later this year he will produce another book, published by McClelland & Stewart, including the photographs used in this issue of Weekend.

And just to prove that Bruemmer is an incurable Arctic buff, I once asked him to name his favorite place.

"Grise Fiord on Ellesmere Island," he said immediately. "It is beautiful."

That's what the man said.

Frank Lewis
Editor

A CHANCE TO HELP OTHERS. A CHANCE TO HELP YOURSELF.

Win $1,000 for yourself plus $1,000 for charity.
Mark Ten
$1,000
Instant Cash Certificate
According to the regulations of this program, you are required to answer correctly a skill-testing question in order to receive your cash prize. You will be notified concerning the skill-testing question. On receipt of your correct answer, the necessary arrangements will be made to present your prize to you.
Please complete the section below and send today via registered mail to:
Mark Ten Cash Certificates
Place du Canada
1010 Lagauchetière St. W.
Montreal 3, Quebec
Non-transferable—expires 90 days after receipt.
MY NAME
ADDRESS
Mark Ten
$1,000
Instant Charity Certificate
Please complete the section below and enclose this certificate with your personal "instant cash certificate".
On receipt of your correct answer to the skill-testing question referred to on the personal cash certificate, you will be contacted about how you wish to present your gift to the charity of your choice.
The charity of my choice is
Society for
ADDRESS
MY NAME IS
ADDRESS

Twin Cash Certificate from Mark Ten.

Find one in any Mark Ten pack and you will receive $1,000 in cash for yourself, plus a further $1,000 to donate to any worthwhile cause you choose.

(And there is still a valuable free gift coupon on every pack of Mark Ten.)

Look for a Twin Cash Certificate in Mark Ten. Find one and you'll be helping others as well as yourself.

A new idea from Mark Ten.

The Canadian Arctic

"This Is Your Home"

A stranger must be made welcome in an Eskimo household, according to custom, even if he arrives without warning and stays for six months, like Fred Bruemmer. During his stay, Fred compiled a priceless written and photographic record of one of the last groups of Eskimos to live off the land

THE DRY Arctic snow creaked and groaned underneath the ice-coated runners of our heavy sled. "*Kayornaktuk!*—it is cold!" said Joseph Tikhek. "It will be good to get home." We had travelled for eight days by dog team, from Cambridge Bay on Victoria Island across wind-swept Dease Strait and over the rolling, rock-strewn, icy plains of Kent Peninsula. Now we were nearing our goal, the winter camp of Joseph's family at Arctic Sound, on the west coast of Bathurst Inlet.

I snuggled deeper into my heavy parka to escape the cutting wind, and worried. There had been no chance to warn the people at this remote camp of my arrival. Eskimos are immensely hospitable and I had often stayed with them for weeks. But this time I meant to move in for six months with one of Canada's last groups of Eskimos to live on the land, leading a way of life that has nearly vanished.

I wondered what my reaction would be if a stranger turned up one night at my Montreal apartment and said: "Hi, folks! You mind if I live with you for half a year?" and proceeded to set up his cot in our bedroom.

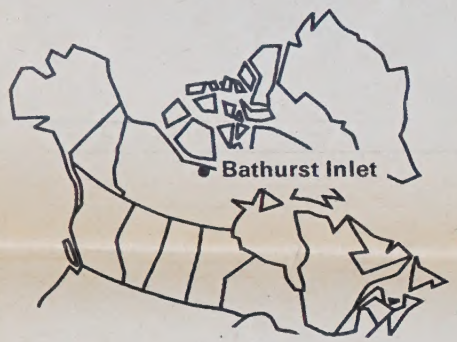
It was dark now. In the distance a Husky howled dolefully. A faint orange light glimmered through the gloom. Our dogs, happy to be home, broke into a wild gallop. Fur-clad shapes rushed out to greet us. "My mother will take care of the dogs," Joseph said. "Come into my father's house."

Continued

Montrealer Fred Bruemmer, a writer and photographer, spends as much time as possible living with the people of Canada's far North.

Ekalun, Fred's host (on cover, in the bottom left photo), uses tweezers to pull out his facial hair. Once in a while, he also removed his wife's white hairs; both were very fussy about their appearance.

The History Of Bathurst Inlet



Bathurst Inlet, nearly in the exact centre of Canada's Arctic mainland coast, was one of the early Arctic regions visited by white men, yet one of the last to be thoroughly explored. In 1821 John (later Sir John) Franklin travelled along the Arctic coast from the mouth of the Coppermine River, examined Bathurst Inlet briefly, abandoned his advance to the east at Turnagain Point of Kent Peninsula, returned to Bathurst Inlet and ascended the Hood River, not far from the camp where I lived.

In 1902, the English explorer David T. Hanbury crossed the mouth of Bathurst Inlet. He met a few Eskimos whom he found "most friendly".

The natives were less friendly in 1912 when the explorers Radford and Street whipped an Eskimo who was unwilling to be their guide because his wife was sick. Fearing for the life of their friend, they stabbed both white men.

Inspector French of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who travelled 2,500 miles by dog-team to investigate the murders, concluded in his report that "I would judge that they [the Eskimos] only acted in self-defence and to protect themselves, as the only law they know is self-protection."

Bathurst Inlet was more thoroughly explored by members of Stefansson's 1913-1918 Canadian Arctic expedition. On the heels of the explorers came the traders. In 1920 the Danish whaler-trader-trapper Charlie Klengenberg, grandfather of Moses Panegyuk's son-in-law Kikiyouna, visited Bathurst Inlet and the same year the Hudson's Bay Company opened a post on Kent Peninsula.

In 1923, the people of this region were visited by the brilliant Danish ethnologist Knud Rasmussen. He found them "inflammable" and "very temperamental" but also noted that "as poets [they were] perhaps the most gifted and inspired Eskimos I have ever fallen in with".

He showed me how to make a stone adze; it was similar to those

I followed him through a narrow passage of snow blocks into a large, double-layered tent. Children were sleeping on the raised, fur-covered snow platform at the rear. Moses Panegyuk, Joseph's father, smiled his welcome. "Tea is nearly ready," he said. We talked of the trip. Others crowded into the tent. Not by a word, not by a gesture did anyone betray the slightest surprise or puzzlement at my unexpected presence. It would have been impolite. The stranger must be made welcome, not plied with questions. A sleepy, round face peeked out from underneath the furs on the sleeping platform and stared at me in wide-eyed wonder.

"Aieee, Kabloona! – a white man!" little Oched squealed and hid in fright, and we laughed, and chatted and drank the sweet, scalding hot tea, squatting on the low snow benches at the side of the tent. It was good to be home.

"You will live with my grandfather," said Joseph, who had earlier slipped out of the tent. We walked through the crystal-clear, star-glittering night to the far tent of this four-tent community. Ekalun, his grandfather, was already in bed. With his narrow, powerful face, aquiline nose and shaven head, except for a tuft of hair above his brow, he looked like a haughty Indian chieftain. The face was a mirror of the man, strong and self-reliant, fearless and free. There was kindness in that face, but also a hint of ruthlessness, and traces of that sardonic, mordant wit of which I would so often be the butt during the coming months.

Rosie Kongyona, his wife, small and active, bustled busily over the pressure stove, the tattoo lines on her dark brow bunched into a concentrated frown, as she tried to hurry the tea along.

"Ekalun," I said, "I have come for a long time. Is it all right?"

He waved his hand over the snow platform. "This is your home," he said simply. And my home it was for the next six months.

It was winter and our food came from the frozen sea. Every morning the long sleds were readied, the runners covered with water which instantly froze into a polished glaze, the dogs harnessed and our long canine caravan rushed off to the sealing grounds, 15 miles to the north.

Each seal may have from four to a dozen breathing holes – called *agloos* by the Eskimos. The seal gnaws these holes as soon as ice forms in the fall and keeps them open in the fast-thickening ice as vital vents to the air above.

Snow covers the *agloos* and the Eskimos have to rely on their dogs to find them. We parked the teams near an island, each man took two dogs on a long leash, grabbed his harpoon and trotted after the dogs, zig-zagging over the wind-fluted snow.

Once the dogs found an *agloo*, the hunter searched for nearby breathing holes, cut the snow away to spook the seal and finally chose one hole. He inserted a long, thin sliver of wood, the *idlak*, into the *agloo*, a colored tassel attached to its top. When the seal comes up to breathe, the indicator stick jiggles and the hunter plunges his harpoon through the snow into the seal.

I followed Moses. He ran quickly after his dogs as they sniffed around here and there, until I was soaked in sweat. Finally he found a promising *agloo*, inserted the *idlak*, spread a piece of thick caribou fur

After shooting caribou, George Hakungak (also on cover with family), waits for sled to pick him up.

made more than 10,000 years ago

on the snow to muffle even the slightest noise from his feet and froze into immobility, bent over like a three-quarter-closed jackknife, his eyes riveted to the tiny colored tassel, his harpoon held at the ready. I watched him from a distance. An hour passed, and two. Moses did not move. The bitter cold crept through my clothes. I ran to get warm. In the distance dark figures stood motionless over other *agloos:* Ekalun, his sons George Hakungak and John Akana, and Joseph Kaneak, his son-in-law. I looked at my watch. Four hours. Moses had not budged.

His whole being seemed concentrated upon that tiny dot of color on the head of his *idlak*. Suddenly he straightened, lifted his harpoon and drove it down in one smooth, immensely powerful stroke. Holding the rawhide harpoon line with one hand, he cut away snow and ice with his long snow knife to haul the seal out of the hole.

The others got nothing. They spent 10 hours alternately running swiftly behind their dogs or bent motionless over an *agloo*. Ekalun lost a seal. After waiting three hours, the harpoon touched a small piece of ice and was deflected from its true aim. "*Mamiena* — it is not good," was his laconic comment.

It was 40 below at night when we returned. A bluish, diaphanous frost haze hung in the air. Dogs and sleds, like dark dots and dashes, rushed swiftly through the gloom. On Moses' sled was the dead seal, our life-giving food.

At home we feasted. Ella Tonakahok, Moses' wife, quickly sculpted the seal and soon a huge platter of steaming meat, blubber and intestines lay in the centre of the tent. Ella stirred a bucket of blood into the seal broth, so we could have blood soup after the main course.

We ate from tent to tent. "*Tee-toi-té* — tea's up," Rosie called early in the morning and the whole community crowded into our tent for tea and chunks of raw caribou meat and the dry, white, tallow-like backfat cached after the previous year's fall hunt. Then we all trooped over to Ella's for a second breakfast, to Hakungak's for a third and to Kaneak's for a fourth. Four breakfasts, four lunches (if the men were home), four suppers. Proud the hunter, and happy and busy his wife, who had the most meat to offer, or who could surprise us with such a delicacy as *ingaluawinik,* the fermented caribou mesentery fat, pressed into a pouch, that tasted like Danish blue cheese — only more so.

The host in each tent provided not only food for all, but also tobacco. After one of the first meals at Kaneak's, I searched for my pipe. Ekalun pushed Kaneak's tobacco can over. "Smoke," he said; then, with a grin, he added: "We are not like people in the south who, as they tell me, like to keep things for themselves. What we have, we share."

Some days there was little to share. Blinding blizzards imprisoned us in our tents. The men carved, repaired hunting gear or slept. The women scraped caribou skins to the softness of chamois leather and sewed them into warm and beautiful garments, decorated with intricate, inlaid patterns of varied furs, adorned with tassels of wolverine skin, the hood an immense ruff of wolf fur. To make a simple suit might have taken a few days. To make it so beautiful took weeks.

Baby watches while Ella Tonakahok cleans seal skin with ulu *— crescent-shaped knife — in summer.*

Ekalun and Rosie sang while they worked, long chant-like ballads of former days. Both were fussy about their appearance. Ekalun spent hours each week removing facial hairs with tweezers. "You should shave, *Kabloo,*" he said, looking disapprovingly at my sprouting beard. "You look like a musk ox." Then Rosie laid her head in his lap, and with infinite patience he pulled out every white hair. And Rosie is a great-grandmother!

Ekalun was carving a scene from his youth: a man, a woman, and one dog pulling a heavily laden sled. "We travel all the time," he said. "It was hard then to get enough food, hunting with bow and arrow."

He had been about 10 years old when he saw his first white men, probably members of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's expedition to the Arctic from 1913-1918. "What were they like, these first white men you saw?" I asked, curiously. "Just like you, *Kabloo,*" Ekalun shot back. "Forever asking questions!"

We returned late one night from the sealing grounds. The hunt had been good. There was a seal on every sled, and soon the women were busy chopping up the carcasses, each eager to provide the first feast. It was past midnight when, nearly sated after three immense meals in rapid succession, we crowded into Kaneak's tent. Knowing we'd be stuffed, his wife, Mary Arnnaoyok, had concentrated on delicacies: vitamin-rich liver, strips of rubbery, sweetish intestine, and seal stomachs full of greenish, half-digested shrimps that tasted like lobster paste.

Mary looked tired, her kind, narrow face drawn and haggard. Piles of scraped skins testified to a hard day's work. "*Nirguin,*" she urged. "Eat more." It was nearly 1 AM when we went to bed. At

Continued

Why They Won't Be Living Off The Land For Long

A generation ago, most Canadian Eskimos lived in small camps scattered over the vastness of the Arctic. By being dispersed they avoided, to some extent, decimating the game resources of any one area.

Trading posts and missions formed the nuclei of early settlements. The construction of DEW (Distant Early Warning) line sites hastened the process of concentrating populations in the North. The advent of settlement-centred government schools, housing, administration and medical services completed the shift from scattered camps, with poor but relatively self-sufficient and independent Eskimos, to large villages where the Eskimos are, without a doubt, physically better off than in camps, but because of unemployment, heavily dependent on the white man's welfare payments.

Now at least 95 percent of Canada's Eskimos live in settlements. Only a few camps remain; specks of independent people resisting the blandishments of settlement life. They ask for little, and get less.

Settlement Eskimos receive free and good housing, camp Eskimos do not. Settlement Eskimos have their school-age children at home. Camp Eskimos do not see them for nine months of the year.

Given these and many other disadvantages to camp life, such as the exorbitant price of $1.50 per gallon of gasoline in a place as isolated as Bathurst Inlet, making hunting trips by canoe prohibitively expensive for a people who live by hunting, this form of traditional Eskimo existence is bound to disappear, if not by government fiat or coercion, simply by attrition. Educated exclusively in English in the white man's schools for a white man's world, the children of the remaining camp Eskimos will have neither the knowledge, nor the inclination to return to the land.

Harpoon raised, Moses Panegyuk waits for seal to surface through a snow-covered hole in the ice. On one occasion, he spent four hours huddled motionless over a hole before catching a seal.

What Life Was Like 50 Years Ago

Ekalun was born in 1905 — according to government records. He himself is not so sure. "We did not count years when I was young," he said. Life was hard then. It took a month's work with a stone adze to make a cooking pot of soapstone. Needles, made of native copper, bent easily or broke. Even the best hunters rarely succeeded in killing a caribou with bow and arrow beyond a distance of about 20 paces. Elaborate ambushes were built, flanked by *inukshuks*, man-shaped stone pillars, to bring large numbers of migrating caribou within shooting range of hidden hunters.

When Ekalun saw the members of the Stefansson-Anderson 1913-1918 Canadian Arctic expedition, all their things were new and fascinating to the 10-year-old boy. "I wanted to steal everything!" he recalled with a laugh. "We did not know how we could buy things then. We just kept hoping the white men would give us some of their things."

The life of the people was ruled by the seasons. During the dark period in late December and early January, "We danced, and sang and told stories," living off fish and meat cached in fall. In winter and spring they hunted seal. Then many travelled far inland, even to the upper Thelon River, to hunt caribou. In autumn they returned to the coast to catch char with their long, two-pronged fishing spears and to hunt the fat fall caribou.

"We worked hard then. We travelled much. If one was lucky, one had lots to eat. If one had no luck one was hungry. Often one was hungry. But then came again good times. And the people were happy and danced."

breakfast, next morning, Mary still appeared tired. I heard an odd little mewing sound.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The baby," Mary said.

"Whose baby?"

"My baby," Mary smiled.

"When was it born?" I asked, amazed. With all those voluminous fur clothes I hadn't even realized Mary had been pregnant!

"Oh, last night after supper," Mary said, and went out to shovel away snow that had drifted against the tent during the night. Six days later she and her husband left for a long hunting trip inland.

The weather turned mild and muggy. *Agloo* hunting was finished. Our thoughts turned southward, to the land. It, now, must give us food. The caribou must come, on their annual migration from the taiga, the northern forest belt, over the vastness of the Barren Ground tundra, to the Arctic Sea.

Each day Ekalun and his sons climbed the mountain behind our camp to scan the land and sea patiently with their telescopes. And each day they came down from the mountain and shrugged. "*Tuktu nauk* — no caribou." Our stores of seal meat and blubber dwindled rapidly. The children fished for tomcod at fissures in the ice.

Rosie went inland, with a big bag of traps, to the sandy ridges where perky ground squirrels were emerging from their long winter's sleep to bask in the spring sun. She walked fast, her small, work-worn body bent forward, set a series of traps and rushed off to the next *siksik*—squirrel—colony, while I trotted behind through the mushy spring snow, out of breath and oozing sweat. It's bad for morale to be outrun by a great-grandmother.

Ekalun's automatic Swiss watch had stopped. "Here, *Kabloo*, you fix it," he said. I recoiled at the idea, and Ekalun laughed derisively. "I thought white men were supposed to be so clever," he gibed, and began to take it apart. He remembered the days when the only tools his people had were of stone and bone and horn. He had shown me how to make a stone adze, and it was similar to the ones I had seen in Paris' Musée de l'Homme made more than 10,000 years ago by our Stone Age ancestors. Now he nonchalantly took the watch apart. Before evening he had assembled the watch again — and it worked.

With the coming of warmer weather, our camp dispersed. Moses and Joseph went to Wollaston Peninsula to seek caribou. Kaneak and his family travelled inland, hoping to intercept the vanguard of migrating caribou. George Hakungak, his beautiful wife Jessie, their two small children, and John Akana, George's bachelor brother who shared the family's tent, got ready for a long trip south to search for caribou and wolves. The talk was of *tuktu* — caribou — always *tuktu*, the quail and manna of the Barrens.

Ekalun remained. He was carving a chess set: the board superbly inlaid with polished stones of many colors; the rooks were igloos, the knights polar bears, the bishops dogs, the pawns a little army of obese owls. King and queen were Eskimos in full fur regalia. "My wife and I," he smiled. It would take weeks to finish the set. And food? "The caribou will come," he said confidently.

I left with George. The dogs pulled eagerly, although they had fallen upon hard times. We only had a bit of blubber along and old caribou skins, as roughage. If we found caribou, all would be well. If we didn't—I preferred not to think about it.

We snaked our way up the great Hood River valley. Ptarmigan flew up, their plumage piebald like the land, part wintry white, part summer's brown. We crossed over a mountain range and travelled fast from valley to valley down to another arm of the deeply indented Bathurst Inlet. It was warm and brilliant, the dogs ran fast, the sled slid silently through the wet snow; we joked and laughed. It was wonderful to be alive.

That night the storm struck. Wind-driven snow wreathed the mountains like smoke. It shrieked around our small travelling tent, and whistled in the taut guy ropes. Jessie washed diapers. John carved. George played with the baby. While the storm raged, life went on quietly and harmoniously within the walls of our little tent.

It was night when the storm faltered. Dark clouds still scudded across the sky and land and sea lay in an ominous blue-grey El Greco light. And then the caribou came and in their wake the wolves.

Far out on the ice, dark and phantom-like, the

At winter camp on Arctic Sound, snow whips over Huskies as lone figure makes his way back to tent.

herd stood. We harnessed the Huskies and drove fast, right into the herd, the dogs frenzied with excitement, the sled sluing wildly, the caribou scattering, stopping, rushing frantically back and forth, fear forcing them to flee, the herd instinct bunching them. George and John stopped and shot, raced on and shot again, then turned the dogs loose to pull down wounded caribou.

In two weeks, the men killed more than 20 caribou. But since we and the dogs ate a caribou a day, our sled was not too heavily laden when we returned home. Thaw and rain had ravaged the snow, which rushed to the rivers. The broad, tussocky meadows were bare and brown, and George and John harnessed themselves to the sled to help the panting Huskies.

The racks at camp were crowded with drying meat. Moses had returned with many caribou and Ekalun had shot some near camp.

The planes arrived. The doctor from Cambridge Bay on medical inspection found us well but left us germs, and soon we all came down with colds. Barry Shead came to record births and deaths, and Ray Buffitt, the area administrator, from the Cambridge Bay Co-op to buy the men's stock of carvings and fur clothes the women had made for sale.

On the first good day we left for Baychimo at the northeast coast of Bathurst Inlet to buy supplies at the lonely Hudson's Bay Company store. It serves the 89 people of Bathurst Inlet, living in 11 widely scattered camps.

People from other camps had preceded us, or arrived during the day. Ekalun, one of the best carvers of the area, had the most money. With a fine sense of drama, he waited until the store was crowded. Every inch the *grand seigneur*, he strode in and handed Jimmy Stevenson, the manager, his cheques. Then he started buying and the Queen Mother shopping at Fortnum & Mason would not be nearly as grand. "Twenty pounds of tobacco! Twenty pounds of tea! A new gun! A new net! A carton of cigarettes for my *Kabloona*" — and, aside, in a not-too-*sotto voce* stage whisper — "His pipe stinks!" to convulse his audience.

From time to time, as the pile of goods on the floor rose, he'd ask "How much?" — meaning how much money had he left. "Ah yes, thread for the wife. And needles. And a new pressure stove." When he was down to $5, he said: "That I'll take in cash! One might need it," and all laughed. That would be his initial stake for the all-night poker game.

Continued

Rosie Kongyona feeds grandson Ached. She's also seen with him on cover (R) and alone (top left).

If you have to have maggots in caribou meat, they're better sautéed than creepy-crawly and alive

Ekalun was sleepy and sour when we returned home next day. "How did the game go?" I asked, not too tactfully. The five bucks were gone. And his lighter. And the recently repaired Swiss watch. "*Avornamat*—it can't be helped," he shrugged.

The spring caribou were lean. There was no fat, even in our favorite parts, the skull and the marrow. At first I avoided skulls, partly because the nasal passage is full of botfly larvae, partly because of the mildly reproachful look in the big dark eyes. But as we ran out of blubber, store-bought butter and any type of fat, my food preferences quickly became those of the Eskimo. Whatever contained vitamins or fat tasted best. But now the caribou had vanished, it was too early to fish, and our main food was *mipku*—dried caribou meat, leathery and lean.

No matter how much of it we ate, chewing the jerk until our jaws ached, we stayed hungry.

Living on an exclusive protein, fatless diet began to take its toll. We ate piles of meat, yet we were hungry. We tired easily and after a month developed the first symptoms of protein poisoning: diarrhea and swollen feet. As soon as we could supplement our lean meat diet with fat fish, we felt fine again.

June was miserable—cold, wet and windy. Summer came on July 3, in a blaze of warmth and sunshine. In a day, the valley near camp was carpeted with flowers. I got my packsack ready. "Where are you going?" asked Ekalun. "I'll walk to Kuptana's camp," I said. He didn't like it. He tried everything to dissuade me, but finally gave up and showed me the best route on the map.

Kuptana, at whose camp I arrived after a 30-mile march, was surprised but not delighted to see me. He and his family were nearly out of food and embarrassed to have so little to offer their guest. The *mipku* had become fly-blown and was rather lively. We held it into the fire for an instant before eating it. If you have to have maggots, they're better sautéed than creepy-crawly and alive.

I tried to reach another camp, but the rivers were now in spate and forced me back. The next day, at Kuptana's, two figures approached our camp.

It was Ekalun and his adopted son Jacob, who had recently returned from school. "Ah, *Kabloo*, you are well," he said with obvious relief. "One is thankful." I felt deeply touched. The old man had worried about me, afraid something might happen to this white man who had entrusted himself to his care. But as soon as he had satisfied himself that I was fine, he reverted to his usual masterful self. "Okay, *Kabloo*. And now you come home!" he said sternly.

Kuptana, that gentle and generous man, had shared the remnants of his food with a passing stranger. Yet he felt badly that he had been able to give so little. When I met him later in the fall, he asked: "Will you come to my camp again?" and when I did, feasted me royally for now he had ample provisions.

Summer in the Arctic is brief and brilliant. All of nature's pent-up energy bursts forth in a few short weeks in one passionate renewal of life before the clammy hand of winter clamps its hold upon the land. Yet our life was quiet. Our nets gave us plenty of whitefish and the odd char. Ice prevented travel at sea, lack of caribou made land travel superfluous.

The men carved, the women sewed, and the children played when they liked, slept when they liked, ate when they liked. We had long since moved outdoors. The women cooked on open fires, surrounded by a mass of dwarf willow and heather serving both as fuel and windbreak, and when the food was ready we'd all sit together, eat, chat and swat mosquitoes.

On July 18 we were out of tobacco. Flour, lard, even sugar were luxuries we could do without. But ammunition, tobacco and tea were considered essentials. Without those, life got rugged. The first day we got as far as Wollaston Point. There ice hemmed us in, we camped and ate the few dried fish we had taken along. The second day we hauled the boat over rotten, treacherous spring ice, then paddled and poled in the narrow strip of open water near land. We set a net at night, but caught no fish. The third day we got as far as Iglorua Island. There ice trapped us. We fished with no success. We searched for hares. No luck. When I returned to camp, Eka-

Seal Stomachs With Half-Digested Shrimp

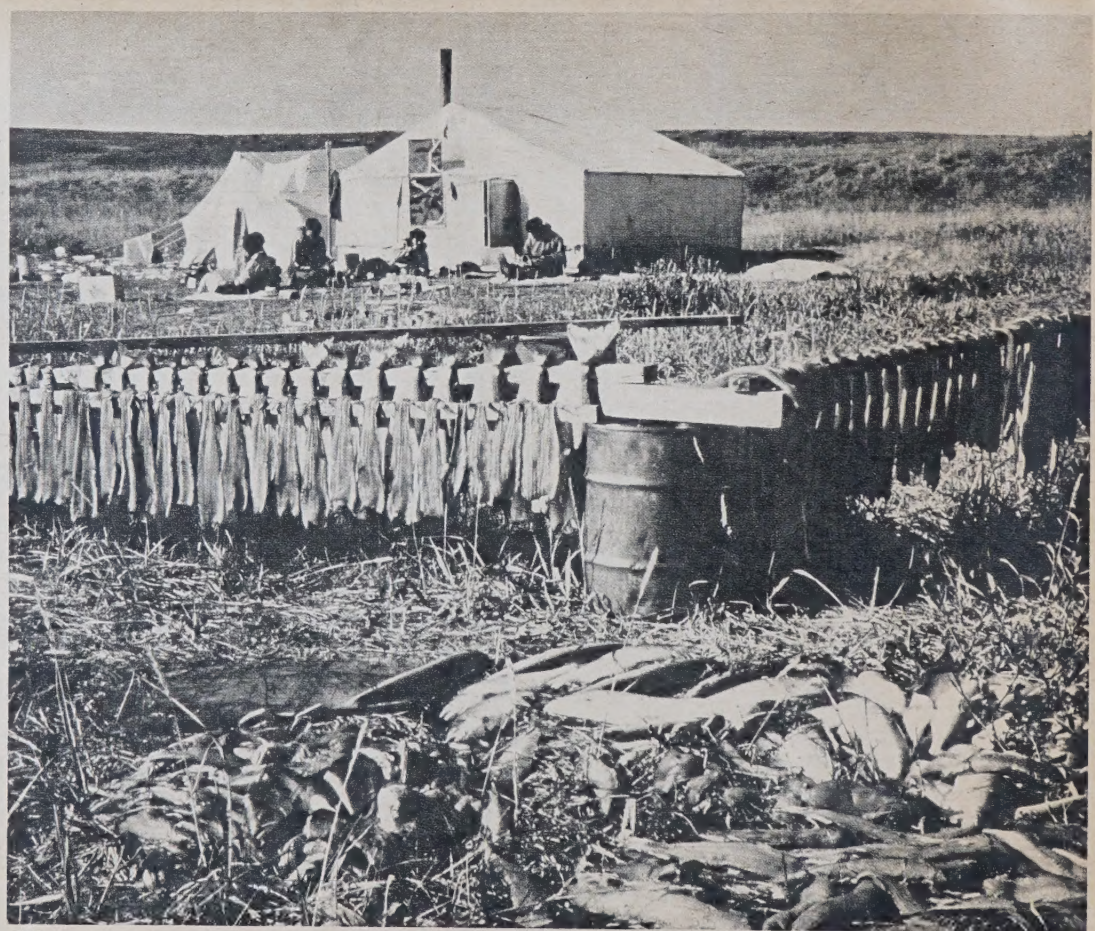
Before white men came to the Arctic, Eskimos lived nearly exclusively on meat and fish, eating much of it raw, a custom early mariners and some missionaries found abhorrent. Yet they were only sensible. Had they not done this, they would have died of scurvy — as hundreds of whites did because they insisted on living on boiled beef (61 of Jens Munk's 64-member expedition died of scurvy in one winter).

If one analyzes Eskimo food preferences, one finds that what they consider delicacies are often rich in vitamins: raw seal liver (vitamins A and D), raw narwhal or white whale skin (as rich in vitamin C per unit of weight as oranges).

Meat is bland. Eskimos, in the past, knew no spices, not even salt which, in white man's food, they found at first disagreeable. (In Eskimo the words for salt and the bitter sea water are synonymous.) So they liked it, or at least did not mind it, if meat was rather high. It gave it taste and zest.

Offer a white man and an Eskimo a caribou. The white man will cut himself some steaks off the haunches. The Eskimo will claim the head and legs. That's where in a lean caribou, one will find the only fat: in the postorbital regions of the skull and in the marrow bones. It is tasty, raw or cooked, and healthy.

One tends to be ruled by the food taboos of one's own society. Thus, at first, I disliked some Eskimo food — such as seal stomachs with half-digested shrimp — not because they tasted bad, but because the idea revolted me. But once I got over this initial inhibition, I found the longer I stayed at camp the more closely my taste preferences for various foods coincided with those of the Eskimos.



When fall came, rows of char were dried on racks at Kaneak's camp in preparation for long winter.

Fall caribou were hard to find, so George Hakungak and family migrated overland in search of the elusive game. Dogs helped to carry their possessions.

lun was looking at a magazine. I glanced over his shoulder. It was a Saturday Evening Post, dated Jan. 4, 1930. "Where did you find it?" I asked. "In a suitcase on the mountain," Ekalun said

I went and looked. Sure enough, there was a battered suitcase, a few more magazines of the same period, a rusted lighter and two equally rusted flashlights. "Whose?" I asked Ekalun. "*Nauna* — I don't know," he shrugged. It was one of those tantalizing little mysteries of the North.

The fourth day we hauled the boat as far as the east side of the island. We set a net and caught one fish, the first food for five people in three days. Ekalun and Rosie seemed completely unaffected by our fast. He went to look for soapstone. She waited patiently near shore, rifle at the ready, hour after hour just in case a seal might pop up. None did. We ate our shares of the one whitefish raw. "Tastes good, doesn't it?" Ekalun teased me. If anything, the situation struck him as mildly amusing.

The fifth day we reached Baychimo. It was Sunday and Jimmy had baked a big cake. "Would you like a piece?" he asked us, then watched in amazement as the cake disappeared in seconds down to the last crumb.

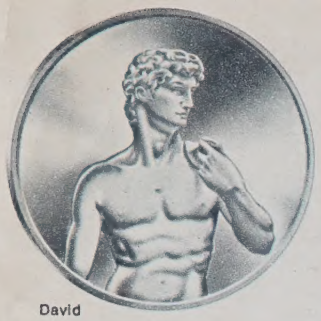
Fall came, but no caribou. We caught char and red rows of split fish hung on the drying racks. But now the talk was again *tuktu*.

Where were the fall caribou, fat and heavy after pasturing all summer on the verdant Arctic meadows? We walked far inland. Nothing. George, his family, John and I ascended the Hood River and camped there for a while, scouring the country for miles around. No caribou. No food for the freeze-up period, until the ice was strong enough for sealing.

And suddenly they knew. The caribou were on the islands. How did they know? I've no idea. Intuition? Experience? Or just plain luck? Moses, Ekalun and I took off and on Kanuyak Island we found caribou — and hunters from most of the other camps. They hunted from dawn to dark. We hauled a boatload of meat back to camp, returned, shot a few more caribou and then none were left. There was meat again on our racks, and slabs of backfat. But not nearly enough to last the early winter.

The land had failed, now it was up to the sea to provide. We shifted camp and strung out every net to intercept the char returning to the rivers. Hoarfrost covered the ground in the morning. Ice glazed the ponds. It was time to leave. George would bring me to Baychimo, and there a boat would come and take me "out".

The last night Rosie rummaged in a bag, and produced a pair of exquisite sealskin slippers, lined with the down-soft fur of an Arctic hare. "These are for your wife," she said. "Tell her it is to thank her that she let you come to live with us." In the morning Ekalun saw me off. As I stepped into the boat he gave me a small parcel. "This is for you, *Kabloo*, so you will remember us." George pushed off and I opened the parcel. In it was a three-inch-high carving of an Eskimo man in full fur regalia — the king of the chess set.◁



David

University of Alberta Library
0 1620 0338 6966

Wellings Min ly presents a limited edition of

The Genius of Michelangelo

in sterling silver and 22 karat gold

A historically significant series of sixty fine art medals, commemorating the 500th anniversary of Michelangelo's birth

Below, in its actual full 44mm size, is the first medal of the series, The Creation of Adam, showing the precision and beauty that will characterize each

Date Due

NOV 18 '70			

CAT. NO. 23 233 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Pam: (*3)
BRU
c. 2
BRUEMMER, Fred
The Canadian Arctic:
This is your home

Pam. (*3)
BRUEMMER, Fred.
The Canadian Arctic:
This is your home.
Cop. 2